

DODD'S IMPRISONED BRIDE.

THE PRETTY YOUNG JEWESS WHO WAS SECURELY WEDDED TO A SAILOR.

The Bridgeman forced to defend himself with a knife—The Bride's escape over the boat while her Father slept on guard. Adrian Ross, a Jewess, just turning into her sixteenth year, is the daughter of John Ross, a clothing dealer at 9 Hamilton avenue, Brooklyn, who has among his customers many sailors from the vessels that anchor at Red Hook Point. There are several daughters in Mr. Ross's family, who by turns assist in the store. Adrian frequently fitted a coat to a light-haired mate of a Massachusetts schooner, Chas. Dodd, and he in turn fell in love with the pretty Jewess, and they married clandestinely. After the marriage Adrian went back to her home and attended in the store as usual, but she concealed her secret to one sister, and then to another, and they told their father.

Mr. Ross at once sent to Scandmann's hotel for Charles Dodd. The sailor, not aware that his father-in-law had been taken into the secret, grommatically called. He found him in hot water, and when he was accused of abducting Adrian and Mr. Ross followed him around the parlor, shaking a fist in his face. Then Mr. Ross called in three men from the adjoining room, and they all stood up and roared, screaming until one of the men struck a blow that drew blood. Then with a sailor's sheath knife he stood by and then ran out of the house. Blood streamed from his face and head.

Mr. Ross hurried to Justice Ferry's court and took out a warrant against Dodd for assault and battery, at which the Justice learned the facts he released the sailor.

Mr. Ross then determined to keep his daughter a prisoner in his house. He locked her in a room, and when she would not eat, he would watch her all day, while he slept on a mattress outside her door at night. Dodd, however, had told his bride that he would stay in the hotel next door, and then he managed to slip a manage to her.

On Tuesday night last the imprisoned bride fled in slumber, and after she heard her father's steps, she gathered up her clothes in a bundle, slipped out over her father's body, and made her way to the roof. Here she lay down and slept, and then, as the roof of the house with which she reached the roof under which her husband slept. She descended through the south, and was soon at his side.

Mr. Ross was very anxious the following morning on learning that his daughter was in the sailor's hotel near by with her husband, and calling his family together, he formally dissolved the tie and his other children not even to speak to her.

LOUIS GUETIG HANGED.

Shooting the Girl who Rejected Him while She Was Renged for Mercy.

INDIANAPOLIS, Sept. 19.—Louis Guetig was hanged at noon today. He murdered Mary McGinn just one year ago to-day, because she refused to renew a marriage engagement with him which she had previously broken off on account of his habits of dissipation. He had two trials, and was sentenced to death both times. He became seemingly indifferent to his fate, and only last night would he consent to the ministrations of the clergy. At 11:50, in mounting the scaffold and during all the proceedings, he maintained wonderful nerve. He spoke a few words, asking forgiveness of any he had wronged, and announced himself ready. He then lay down and waited until the scaffold, shaking hands and smiling to his acquaintances, while he nodded and smiled to those he could not reach. Again turning his face to the wall, he said, "I am a poor soul; testifies that he was looking at him. As the bells were striking 12 the drop fell, and in 16 minutes he was pronounced dead. He was 20 years old.

Guetig was formerly a clerk in the Spencer House in this city. For three years previous to the murder he had been paying court to Mary McGinn, a widow, and when he was rejected by Mary and Miss Ada Mack started from the latter's residence, they were met by Guetig, who demanded that Mary accompany him to the hotel, and for an interview, she did so. She refused to do so, and he then threatened her, for as he had, it seems, once or twice before, but she stuck to her resolution under persuasion by Alvin, her son, and he then threatened her again. Upon their arrival at the hotel, Mary declined to go up stairs, and Guetig shot her. She fell to the ground, then rose to her feet, only to fall again, and Guetig shot her again, hitting her skull. Speediness and dying slow had strength to rise upon her knees and raise her hands, as though beseeching for mercy, but Guetig, who had almost passed out, and his muzzle almost rested against her face, and pulled the trigger again. The bullet entered on the left side, the powder burning her skin. She fell back and expired.

PORTELLO'S TRIAL ENDED.

Murder in the Second Degree Accepted as his Plea—Sentenced for Life.

The trial, in the General Sessions, of Francesco Portello, the Italian who stabbed and killed Michael Bolender, foreman of the gum drop department of Siemann & Co.'s confectionery in Day street, was ended yesterday.

Victoria Portello, the girl wife of the prisoner, holding her babe in her arms, testified that after her husband was discharged, from Siemann & Co.'s confectionery the family was in sore straits. Portello did any work that he could find, but he could rarely find work. He bought food with his paltry earnings for her and her child, often going without nourishment for days. He died there, in his poor room, about 10 o'clock yesterday morning at 38 Baxter street, just after night, crying, "Work! Work!" He was told on the 19th of July that Bolender was authorized to hire some men to clean out the building, and he was told to go to the office of the Italian, and he did so. Upon their arrival at the hotel, Mary declined to go up stairs, and Guetig shot her. She fell to the ground, then rose to her feet, only to fall again, and Guetig shot her again, hitting her skull. Speediness and dying slow had strength to rise upon her knees and raise her hands, as though beseeching for mercy, but Guetig, who had almost passed out, and his muzzle almost rested against her face, and pulled the trigger again. The bullet entered on the left side, the powder burning her skin. She fell back and expired.

COURT DECIDES IN FAVOR OF PORTELLO.

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